BRITISH AIRMEN BEAT BACK GERMAN AIR SQUADRON

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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THE ADJUTANT GETS A SURPRISE: GIRL STOWAWAY, DRESSED IN UNIFORM, FOUND ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.

Leaving the captain's cabin after her secret had been revealed.

The adjutant helps to tie a rope round her waist

Sailors afterwards lowered her over the side into a small boat, which transferred her.

"Why aren't you with your unit?" asked the adjutant on board a troopship outward bound from Sydney. There was no reply from the khaki-clad figure he addressed, but on the question being repeated a feminine voice answered: "I have no unit." The girl, for such she proved to be, said she was a waitress in a Sydney restaurant and had boarded the vessel because she wished to nurse her wounded brother. She was, however, transferred to a passing ship and sent home.

KHAKI GIRL HIDES ON A TRANSPORT.

Stowaway Who Wanted to Nurse Wounded Brother.

BETRAYED BY VOICE.

An astonishing story of a pretty Australian girl who donned khaki uniform and boarded a transport in an attempt to reach her wounded brother came to hand yesterday.

The heroine of this remarkable adventure is Miss Maude Butler, aged seventeen, an ex-waitress at the Union Restaurant, Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

It was the feminine voice which gave the girl away. Two days after the vessel sailed the regimental adjutant, during his rounds, found "Private" Butler on the forward troop deck.

He asked "him" why "he" was not with "his" unit. At first "he" declined to answer. Pressed for an explanation "he" replied that "he" had no unit.

Suspecting something wrong the adjutant took "him" to the ship's captain's cabin. The ship's doctor and two regimental doctors were called in and the girl's disguise quickly revealed.

A passing ship, bound for Sydney, was stopped, and the ex-waitress put aboard, a rope being fastened round her waist and the girl gently lowered down the side into a boat from the troopship.

Before leaving she was presented by the ship's captain with two gold brooches, and the soldiers made a collection for her, £23 being quickly subscribed.

"I will not despair, but will try again and again," she said on leaving her khaki comrades. "My brother is wounded, and I want to nurse him."

It is understood that she boarded the ship with the baggage party the day before the vessel sailed from Sydney.

"She must have passed some unpleasant hours," said a man on board.

Miss Butler has two brothers in the Australian forces, one in the fighting line and another in hospital.

A CUMBERLAND WEDDING.

An interesting wedding took place last week when Mr. Herbert Squiers, son of the late Mr. Goldsmith Squiers, a former United States

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Squiers.

Minister to Cuba, was married to Miss Marguerite Kennedy, the daughter of Mr. Miles Kennedy, chairman of the Furness Railway.

GERMANS REFUSE GERMAN NOTES.

A well-authenticated report has been received from Holland, says Reuter, which throws significant light upon the state of German credit upon the Continent.

In view of the very heavy drop of the German currency in Holland, the German Consular officials are refusing to accept payment of German Consular fees in German paper or silver money, insisting that they should be paid either in German gold or in Dutch currency

"SPECIAL" FINED.

At Harlow (Essex) Petty Sessions yesterday James Baynes, a special constable, of Great Parndon, was summoned under the Defence of the Realm Act for interfering with Sergeant-major Hawes, of the Westminster Dragoons, in the discharge of his duty.

It was stated that the sergeant-major spoke to a soldier for not saluting an officer. The defendant, who was standing near, said in the hearing of several soldiers: "That man is as much a man as you are; what do you mean by speaking to him like that?"

The Bench said they regarded the defendant's action as interference, and fined him 10s.

BULL TERRIER'S DAY.

The first show of that eminently British dog, the bull terrier, was held yesterday in the Holborn Hall in aid of the Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Hostel.

The entries numbered double those of any previous exhibition of bull terriers. In this number—163—were some dogs who could not be shown in person, being "somewhere at the front on active service."

For, like their masters, the bull terriers offered to go to the front, and a vast number are now engaged in killing rats in the trenches.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Buy Your "Daily Mirror" Regularly from the Same Newsagent.

HELP THE ECONOMY CAMPAIGN!

The impending restriction of the supply of paper renders it extremely important that readers of *The Daily Mirror* should order their copies of this paper from the newsagent or bookstall who has heretofore supplied them, and have them delivered to their homes.

In any event, readers are requested as far as possible to make it their practice always to buy *The Daily Mirror* from the same shop, bookstall or vendor.

By so doing they will assist in the economy campaign in many ways.

First of all, they will assist the Government which finds it necessary to restrict the import of pulp in order that our ships may be more largely utilised for articles of urgent importance to the nation during the war.

Secondly, they will help the newsagent, because he will know how many copies he can order with safety.

Thirdly, they will help the railway companies, because by ordering the paper in advance they will lessen the quantity of papers sent by rail for "chance" sale, and thus provide more room for other goods.

Fourthly, they will help us, because they will enable us to order the minimum quantity of paper required, and thus relieve the pressure on the railways.

And, incidentally, readers will be helping themselves, because by ordering *The Daily Mirror* in advance, they will be absolutely certain of securing their favourite paper every morning.

USE LESS SUGAR.

Supplies To Be Cut Down by Restriction of Imports.

"It will be necessary during the coming months to restrict the importation of sugar within narrower limits than have hitherto obtained.

"The supplies of sugar at disposal for consumption will, therefore, be appreciably reduced."

This announcement was made yesterday by the Royal Commission on the Sugar Supply.

The Commission states:—

In spite of the fact that since the beginning of the war the price of sugar has been never less than 50 per cent. above the normal, and is now practically double, there has been no considerable or general reduction in the amount consumed.

It is, therefore, evident that further economies in its use can be effected, and the Commission desires to impress upon the public the urgency of the obligation to use every effort to effect such economies.

It accordingly requests all classes to reduce their consumption, not only of sugar, as such, but also of jams, biscuits, sweetmeats, chocolate and other goods

The Daily Mirror was told yesterday by the editor of the *Baker and Confectioner* that—"It is a fact that in the North more cakes and sweetmeats are being consumed among the industrial classes than ever before.

ACCIDENT TO MR. WILL CROOKS.

In endeavouring to board a motor-omnibus in East India Dock-road yesterday, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., slipped and fell heavily.

He sustained a rather severe bruise over the left eye and dislocated the little finger of his left hand.

KAISER'S PRIZE FOR AIR CAPTURES.

BERNE, Feb. 8.—The German Emperor has ordered that a reward of £37 10s. shall be paid for every aircraft which is brought down and falls into the hands of Germany or her allies.—Central News.

SMART CAPTURES.

Two Escaped Germans Promptly Re-arrested in Their London Haunts.

LEICESTER-SQUARE DRAMA.

The two German prisoners, Lieutenant von Schweiniken and Private Heinz Pohmer, who escaped from the camp at Dorchester on February 1 have been recaptured, and were sent back yesterday under military escort.

It was known that Pohmer was likely to make for a certain address in the East End, and watch was kept in that vicinity. At dusk Pohmer arrived at the house, and was about to enter when two men quietly sidled up to him.

They told him who they were and asked him to go with them. He made no resistance, and turned at once with his captors to a cab which had been kept in waiting. He was driven to Cannon-row.

The capture of Lieutenant von Schweiniken was more difficult. There was a certain neighbourhood in the West End where it was thought possible he might make for, and detectives were distributed about the streets.

Not long after the time at which Pohmer had been seized detectives saw Schweiniken walking along Leicester-square. He was recognised from his description and the suspicious way in which he was looking about him.

Two men accosted him. He submitted quietly, and the three men, talking together in the square, might have been taken as a group of friends.

Schweiniken asked for a cigarette, which was given to him. A cab was called, and the three men were driven to Cannon-row Police Station.

After spending the night at the police station the two Germans were taken back to Dorchester yesterday afternoon.

"TOMMY'S" CHAMPION.

Lady Limerick's Reply to Rev. F. B. Meyer on Drunken Soldiers.

Strong criticism was made yesterday of the statement before the Licensing Sessions by the Rev. F. B. Meyer that he knew of a number of cases of soldiers whose drink had been drugged, leaving them at the mercy of any harpy.

"Sometimes the hut in the Waterloo-road supported by the Y.M.C.A. had been crowded," he said, "with men, two-thirds of whom were occasionally under the influence of liquor."

Lady Limerick.

"I never thought it possible," said Lady Limerick at the London Bridge Soldiers' Buffet yesterday, "that anyone could say such things of the brave fellows who are giving their very lives hour by hour that others less worthy may live in comfort and luxury.

"In my long experience at London Bridge Station I can say, without fear of contradiction, that personally I have never even seen any of our boys the worse for drink.

"Their behaviour is more typical of little children full of innocent frolic than of drunken and demoralised characters such as Mr. Meyer would have us believe they are."

MAKE THE HUNS PAY.

That representation should be made to the Government for compensation for Zeppelin damage to be made out of the enemy funds now in this country was suggested at the London County Council yesterday by Mr. Reynolds.

The Finance Committee promised to consider the point.

VISIT OF MR. WILSON'S ENVOY.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—Colonel House, President Wilson's special envoy, left to-day for London, where he will stay a few days.—Reuter.

Four persons were killed and several others injured when a tramway-car, well laden with passengers, overturned at a sharp bend at Gateshead. The photograph shows the vehicle after the accident.

LIGHTER DISHES OF FINER FLAVOUR.

Housewives Learning Cooking Secrets from Belgians.

REVIVAL OF SOUPS.

The war is teaching English people to eat all sorts of new dishes introduced here by people from our Allies' countries.

These people have naturally brought with them their own methods of cooking and their own peculiar dishes, which they are introducing to their new-found English friends.

Not only this, but Belgian and French cafés and restaurants are springing up in all parts, and little by little the conservative British are beginning to patronise them.

BLOW AT HEAVY COOKERY.

In London, Soho has its own distinctive Belgian restaurants, and in many other parts of London and the suburbs Belgian and French confectioners are already well established.

The shops, at first almost exclusively patronised by the refugees themselves, now number many English people among their customers.

Belgian cakes and pastries were famous on the continent and their delicacy is now being discovered in England.

The war, of course, put a stop to the heavy and greasy German cookery, which was getting popular at our restaurants, and, in place of it, Italian dishes are growing more and more common.

Even in the household the delicious pastes that form so large a part of our Italian Allies' menus are being used in ways undreamt of in many homes before the war.

SECRETS OF SOUP MAKING.

Signs that the English trader is catering for his Continental customers are obvious in the "Ici on parle Français" notices to be seen in so many shops to-day.

In a south-western suburb *The Daily Mirror* noticed yesterday an amusing example of this endeavour to attract the foreigner's custom.

A small fishmonger's shop in a back street displayed this curious but effective notice above a quantity of appetising-looking mussels: "Fresh moules for les Belges."

One of the most noticeable effects upon the household menu of the presence of our Allied guests in our midst, *The Daily Mirror* understands, might be termed "a revival in soups."

Skilful French and Belgian women have taught our own housewives some of their secrets of soup-making.

There is hope, too, that as a nation we may at last learn to make omelettes. Only the deft fingers of the foreign cook have been able hitherto to produce the real omelette.

RECORDER AND HOME OFFICE CASE.

Charging the grand jury at the Old Bailey yesterday, the Recorder, Sir Forrest Fulton, referred to the Home Office case in which J. M. Dallas, a former clerk, was indicted with a Russian named Altani for conspiring to obtain money by false pretences.

The Recorder said that he felt it was a very serious case. Dallas was a clerk in the Home Office, and he and Altani appeared to have engineered a very clever scheme for making money.

People were induced to part with large sums to Altani under the impression that they were payments to obtain permits for various places on the Continent.

MEN OF "THE WORKER" CHARGED

Walter Nell, William Galacher, and John Muir were charged at Glasgow yesterday with attempting to cause a seditious meeting or promoting disaffection among the civil population, and to impede, delay, or restrict the production of war material by producing, printing, and circulating among the workers engaged on war material the newspaper *The Worker*.

Bail was refused, and the men committed to prison.

"MAKING PROVISION FOR WIFE."

For stealing a postal packet, Walter William Elsworth, thirty, a postman, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

It was stated that he began stealing letters at the outbreak of war, and when arrested confessed that he had over £200 in cash at home.

He had recently married, and when arrested stated that he desired to make provision for his wife in the event of his being called up for service in the Army.

THE KING WHO TAKES RISKS.

Sir George Reid, M.P., speaking yesterday at the annual meeting of the Royal Humane Society, referred in grateful terms to the recovery of the King from what he described as a painful and very dangerous accident.

"His Majesty," said Sir George, "was warned before he got on that horse of the great risk and danger owing to the country over which he would have to ride, but, as usual, King George never hesitates on questions of personal safety."

Read "The Fascination of the Fluffy Girl," by Margaret Hallam, on page 5.

GERMAN FLYING SQUADRON BOMBARDS BRITISH CAMP IN FLANDERS

Raiders Claim To Have Escaped Without Loss.

KUT TO BE HELD.

Enemy Submarine Fails to Torpedo British Cruiser.

NEW LIGHTING ORDER.

MYSTERY OF THE WESTERN FRONT.

It is not easy to pierce the mystery of the happenings on the western front. The German communiqué admits that on Sunday night the Allies seized a small trench section, but asserts that this has since been regained by the Germans.

On the other hand, the French communiqués are reticent—perhaps studiously silent—on the subject. Probably it is only a small matter, but indicative that big storms are brewing.

Last night's Paris bulletin again details extensive and successful artillery work by our Allies' guns.

An element of comedy is contained in the German communiqué regarding an enemy attempt to bomb a British camp in the Poperinghe district. The Huns employed a squadron of aeroplanes, but when our aeroplanes ascended and gave fight the enemy turned tail. The Germans are quite delicious when they state: "Our squadron returned without loss."

NAVAL CHASE IN ADRIATIC.

There has been a small naval affair in the Adriatic. A British cruiser and a French torpedo-boat, covering the retreat of the Serbian Army, chased four enemy destroyers, which fled towards Cattaro. A submarine tried to sink the British cruiser but failed.

WE WILL HOLD KUT.

Important news comes from Delhi with regard to the Mesopotamian campaign.

General Townshend is holding Kut, on the Tigris, as a point of strategical value, and no withdrawal is contemplated. General Aylmer's operations are intended to support General Townshend.

BLINDING THE ZEPPELINS.

A sequel to the last Zeppelin raid is to be found in the Home Office Order issued last night extending the lighting restrictions over a far greater area than before.

U BOAT TRIES TO SINK A BRITISH CRUISER.

Enemy Destroyers Run Away When Fired on in Adriatic.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—The French Admiralty issued the following:—

On Sunday evening (the 6th) a British cruiser and a torpedo-boat of the French squadron, covering the retirement of the Serbian Army, met four enemy destroyers in the Adriatic.

The enemy, as soon as they were fired upon, fled towards Cattaro. Next day the two Allied vessels were again attacked off Durazzo.

An enemy submarine attempted to sink the British cruiser, but the torpedo missed its mark. The submarine was pursued, and was unable to renew the attack.—Reuter.

ENEMY RUSHING UP BIG SUPPLIES IN FLANDERS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 8.—The *Telegraaf* learns from the frontier that last week a large number of wounded arrived at Bruges from the Yser.

Considerable reinforcements and great quantities of ammunition are still arriving.

THE HAGUE, Feb. 8.—According to frontier reports the Germans have withdrawn marines in garrison places on the Belgian coast and have sent them to Kiel, where great activity reigns.

It has also been observed that a goods train passed on the way to Cologne with the remnants of a destroyed Zeppelin airship which is believed to have been wrecked in France.—Central News.

BERLIN CLAIMS CAPTURE OF LOST TRENCHES.

Lively Artillery Activity Continues South of the Somme.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 8.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

There was lively artillery activity **south of the Somme.**

During Sunday night a small trench section of our new positions had been lost. A French attack delivered yesterday afternoon, for which the enemy had prepared by strong artillery fire, was repulsed. Last evening a counter-attack again put us in full possession of our position.

A German aeroplane squadron attacked the camp at **Poperinghe** and the British camp between **Poperinghe and Dixmude.** After frequent fights with the enemy aeroplanes, which ascended for defence, our squadron returned without loss.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres.—There are no incidents of importance to report.—Wireless Press.

FIERCE ARTILLERY DUEL

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 8.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In Artois there was a rather intense artillery duel to the north-east and south-east of Neuville St. Vaast.

South of the Avre we dispersed a column of infantry near Lassigny.

North of the Aisne our batteries caused great damage to the enemy works in the district north of Troyon and on the Plateau of Vauclerc.

North of Berry au Bac we caught troops on the march under our fire.

In the Argonne the mining conflict continued in our favour.

At the Courtes Chausses we exploded three camouflets, which wrecked the enemy works, and we exploded a mine at the Fille Morte.

In the Vosges our artillery bombarded the enemy cantonments of Stossvihr north-west of Munster and of Hirtzbach, south of Altkirch.

In the afternoon a German long-range gun fired three shells into **Belfort** and its suburbs.

We shelled the military establishments at **Dornach, near Mulhouse.**—Reuter.

ENEMY TRAIN SHELLED.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

South of the Somme our artillery cannonaded a train between Roye and Chaulines.

In the Argonne we blew up a mine drill at St. Hubert and three mines at Vauquois. On the rest of the front the night was calm.—Exchange.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

General Headquarters in France, 9.30 p.m., Feb. 8.—Some shelling by both sides during the day between the River Ancre and Somme and north of La Bassee Canal.

Considerable artillery activity about Hooge.

NO BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM KUT-EL-AMARA.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

DELHI, Feb. 7.—A communiqué regarding the operations in Mesopotamia states that General Townshend is holding Kut-el-Amara as a point of strategical value and that General Aylmer's operations are intended to support him there.

No withdrawal is contemplated.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 8.—According to a Constantinople dispatch to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the Russians have been defeated by Persians near Muendzil after an engagement lasting two days.

The Russians lost 600 prisoners and a quantity of war material.—Central News.

DARK ENGLAND TO BE MADE YET DARKER.

Lighting Restrictions Extended to Central and North-Western Areas.

The following notice has been issued by the Home Office:—

The Home Secretary has made an order extending to the central and north-western areas of England the restrictions on public and private lighting already in force in the eastern and south-eastern counties.

The restrictions have already been applied on the advice of the naval and military authorities in certain places of special importance in the Midlands, Lancashire and the West Riding, but experience gained from the Zeppelin raid on January 31 shows that their expansion over the whole of these areas is a necessary precaution.

The order comes into force on February 16, but it is desirable that in the meantime every effort should be made to comply with its provisions.

Other counties specifically mentioned as coming within the scope of this order are Hereford, Oxford, Berkshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

PRINCE SALM IN LONDON.

Prince and Princess Salm Salm, who have been released and sent home to England from Gibraltar, where they had been interned, reached London yesterday.

They have been exchanged through the action of King Alfonso for Colonel Gordon, V.C., of the Gordon Highlanders, who was taken prisoner in the historic retreat from Mons.

Princess Salm Salm.

Prince Salm Salm belongs to one of the oldest families in Germany, the house originating in Luxemburg about a thousand years ago.

He married a daughter of the Archduke Frederick of Austria, and though not an independent reigning Prince there was no mesalliance in the marriage, as the house of Salm Salm is held to be of equal birth with the Sovereign houses of Europe. He is a near kinsman of the King of Spain.

The Prince and Princess were in South Africa on the outbreak of war, but were afterwards transferred to Gibraltar.

AMERICA AND GERMANY NEARING "ACCORD."

Settlement of Lusitania Affair Soon—Colonel House's London Visit.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The Washington correspondent of the Associated Press states that high administration officials authorise the statement that "the United States and Germany are substantially in accord."—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Following the conference of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing and also the Cabinet session, it was authoritatively stated that the settlement of the Lusitania affair was likely to take place within twenty-four hours.

Count von Bernstorff's memorandum was discussed by the Cabinet and Mr. Wilson, and minor changes were suggested.—Exchange.

According to a Central News Washington message it is semi-officially stated that the situation with regard to the Lusitania case is very favourable.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—Colonel House, President Wilson's special envoy, left to-day for London, where he will stay a few days.—Reuter.

Men of a Scottish regiment, in their new waterproof cloaks, listening to their colonel's New Year speech.—(Official photograph from Salonika. Crown copyright reserved.)

SUBMARINE HUNT IN THE BLACK SEA.

Russian Torpedo Boats Chase Turkish U Boat Away.

ATTACKS BY SEA AND AIR.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Feb. 8.—To-day's Russian official communiqué says:—

On the Western front in the region of Riga the Germans bombarded us with their heavy guns. Our artillery replied with success.

Round Dvinsk the cannonade and rifle fire were rather more lively than usual.

Between Lakes Medmuss and Demmen a strong detachment of German scouts attempted to approach our trenches, but was driven off by our rifle fire.

On the Galician front on the Middle Strypa a series of skirmishes took place between our scouts and detachments of the enemy's scouts.

In the Ussietchko region the enemy attempted to advance from the fords of the river, but was repulsed by our fire.

NAVAL ACTIVITY.

In the Black Sea our ships bombarded with effect the Turkish positions on the Anatolian coast.

Our torpedo-boats fought an action with a Turkish coast battery, which did them no damage, and they were unsuccessfully attacked by a Turkish submarine.

A squadron of our hydroplanes attacked with bombs a large steamer anchored at the jetty at Zungaldak.

On the Caucasus front fighting continues to our advantage.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 8.—A telegram from Sebastopol states:—

Russian torpedo-boats came upon an enemy submarine on the Anatolian coast.

They gave chase to it, opening a violent fire.

The submarine shot a torpedo, which missed, then it submerged amid the bursting of shells all round it.

The fate of the submarine is not known.—Reuter.

FOE POSITION TAKEN.

(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 8.—To-day's Austrian communiqué says:—

Russian theatre of war—Favoured by clearer weather there was vigorous artillery activity along the entire north-east front yesterday.

North-west of Tarnopol the Russians last night repeatedly attacked one of our advanced infantry vantage points, into which they succeeded temporarily in penetrating. They were ejected soon afterwards.

Italian and south-eastern theatres of war—No important events have occurred.—Reuter.

TRAGIC LACK OF SHELLS.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—Interviewed by the special correspondent of the *Journal* at Petrograd, General Polivanoff, Russian Minister of War, declared that the munitions crisis which had made itself felt at the end of 1914 reached an acute stage a year ago.

In May and June, 1915, the position was tragic. The Russian Army was absolutely forced to retreat solely from lack of shells.

"The lack of munitions paralysed us," continued the Minister, "and obliged us to yield ground to the enemy, but we did not cede victory, and beating slow retreat we only gained time to prepare ourselves for fresh decisive efforts.

"To-day I tell you categorically that the munitions crisis no longer exists. It is a sinister memory only.

The Minister displayed diagrams showing the prodigious development of industrial establishments working for the national defence.

He added: "Thanks to the mobilisation of the great mass of men ordered some months ago and the doubling of the number of our depots, we have now a permanent reserve of a million and a half of young recruits, which will permit us to feed the various units.

"In a word, as the war is prolonged, so the Allied forces increase and so those of the Central Powers decrease."—Reuter.

AIR MINISTER RESIGNS.

PARIS, Feb. 8.—M. Rene Besnard, Minister of Aviation, has resigned.—Exchange.

The Government has decided, says a Central News message, that M. Besnard shall not be replaced.

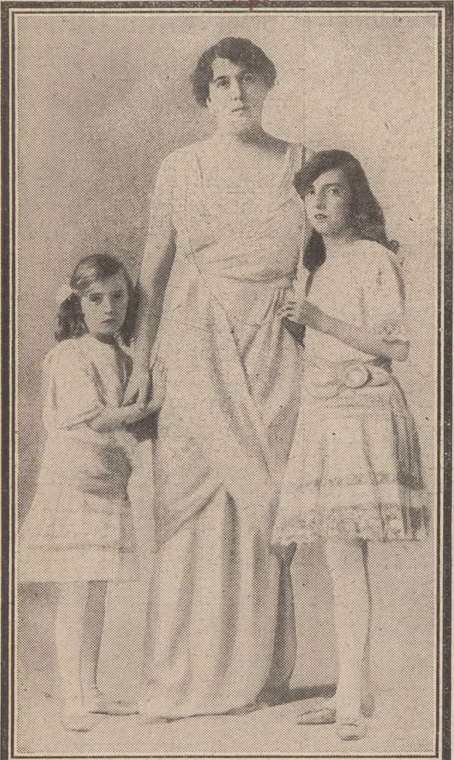
The aeronautical services will once again be placed under the direct authority of the Minister for War, who will select a Director.

FOE NEAR DURAZZO.

ATHENS, Feb. 7.—It is reported that the Austrian advance guards are approaching Durazzo.

The occupation of El Bassan by the Bulgarians is denied, but it is said that they are approaching that town.—Reuter.

WIDOWED COUNTESS.



Lady Kinnoull, whose husband has just died, with her two daughters, the Ladies Elizabeth and Margaret Hay, aged thirteen and nine respectively.—(Swaine.)

A FATHERLESS BABY.

Captain E. H. Wyand (King's Royal Rifles), who has been killed in action in France, and a new portrait of his wife and child.—(Swaine.)

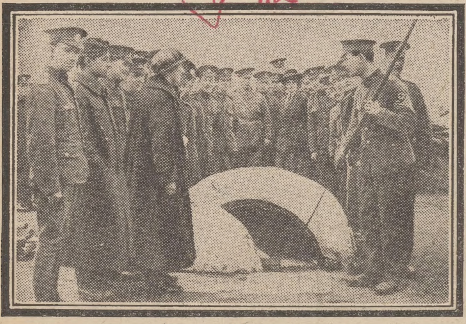
CAN YOU DISTINGUISH HETTY?

Miss Hetty King, the well-known male impersonator, wore khaki when she welcomed a number of Anzacs behind the scenes at the Queen's Theatre.

A SUVLA BAY HERO: FUNERAL OF GENERAL HODGSON AT MALTA.

Lord Methuen (x), the Governor, at the funeral of Brigadier-General G. B. Hodgson, C.B., D.S.O., who died from head wounds sustained at Suvla Bay. The cortege is seen on the way to the cemetery.

THE WOMEN'S LEGION ARE FIGHTING AGAINST WASTE IN THE ARMY.



Thanks to a scheme inaugurated by Lady Londonderry, the waste which was prevalent in the camp kitchens is being reduced to a minimum. By permission of the War Office, a number of cooks, members of the Women's Legion, now visit the various field kitchens and instruct the soldiers in the best way of preparing meals. The girls, it will be seen, wear armlets.

NEW HEALTH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

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DR. ROOKE'S "ANTI-LANCET"

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ENORMOUS POPULARITY OF FAMOUS HEALTH GUIDE.

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The recent publication of a New Edition of that famous Health Encyclopædia, Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet," has met with enormous success. Thousands of people have written for their free copies, and in their letters of thanks have said how valuable this Home Health Guide really is.

There is no cost or obligation entailed in the acceptance of this free gift, although unquestionably the information given in the sixty-eight pages is worth many golden sovereigns in value.

CONTEN S OF "ANTI-LANCET."

To give some idea of the value of this Work we give here a list of just a few of the subjects dealt with:—

1. The nightmare of Indigestion.
2. Why Asthma is so dangerous.
3. Why coughs must never be neglected.
4. Night sweats and Consumption.
5. Insomnia and Breakdown.
6. Best Foods to eat.
7. Nerve Disorders.
8. Fainting Fits, Cause and Cure.
9. Lack of Vitality.
10. Kidney and Liver Troubles.
11. The knife-like pain of Headache.
12. How Breakdown comes.
13. Why Indigestion ruins Health.
14. What to do in case of Fever.
15. The danger of Influenza.
16. Torture of Rheumatism.
17. Palpitation of the Heart.
18. Why Constipation poisons the Body.
19. Inflammation of the Lungs.
20. Blood Spitting.
21. How to tell if you are Healthy.
22. Pains in the head.
23. Treatment of Fits.
24. Wonderful Remedies from the East.

Particular interest attaches to the history of the discovery of that remarkable preparation, "Solar Elixir," the Re-animating Balm of Life, given in the pages of "Anti-Lancet." This wonderful specific, prepared from costly, valuable and rare Oriental herbs, together with other tonics and aromatics only to be met with in the East, has proved itself a thoroughly reliable and standard remedy for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lack of Vitality, Digestive Disorders and such circulatory troubles as are the cause of the excruciating pain of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, etc. Indeed, as is proved completely by the extraordinary evidence collected in this book, Dr. Rooke's "Solar Elixir" is an unassailable, completely successful remedy for all health troubles caused by lack of Nervous Force.

To secure your copy of Dr. Rooke's "Anti-Lancet" fill in and post the form below, and send together with 1d. stamp for return postage, to Dr. Rooke, Ltd., Leeds.

FREE COUPON.
DR. ROOKE'S "ANTI-LANCET."
(New Edition just published.)

To Dr. Rooke, Ltd., Leeds.
Dear Sirs,—Please forward me a free copy of the "Anti-Lancet," your 68-page Health Encyclopædia. I enclose 1d. stamp for return postage.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
"D. Mirror." ....

NOTICE!—It will come as additionally welcome news to learn that the Proprietors of "Solar Elixir" have promised to send to anyone who is ailing and wishes to test this preparation, a generous Test Supply free of cost on receipt of an additional 2d. stamps to cover the cost of postage. Thus, if you require both "Anti-Lancet" and "Solar Elixir," send 3d. stamps with coupon above. If only "Anti-Lancet" required send 1d. stamp only.

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview made the following statement:—'Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ¼oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."—(Advt.)

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1916.

ANOTHER WORD.

ON the sixth of January, *The Daily Mirror* published an article in criticism of our public school education, as it has been revealed, in all its incompletion and aimlessness, by this war. Since that day nearly every London newspaper has returned to the subject and revived it. Even our friend the *Westminster Gazette*, which though habited all in green—*tutto di verde vestito*—yet manages to see everything rose-coloured, is dissatisfied with English education. And we have here received a great number of letters on the subject.

In view then of the interest it obviously arouses, let us add "one word more" to correct a misunderstanding shared by many of our correspondents. They say, very naively: "Beware of sacrificing all things to utility! Beware of materialism in education!"

Precisely. That, in our first article, was indeed what we wanted to warn people against, and that is what our present system achieves—or rather it achieves materialism and misses utility.

The public school system, with its neglect of English and modern languages, and its prolonged failure to learn Latin and Greek, is skilfully represented, for argumentative purposes, by our adversaries, as a noble lost or perishing cause, a fight of the spirit against the machine.

In reality, it is only the machine that prevails under this system, because, by failing to inspire the average boy with any real interest in things of the mind, it leaves him, at the end of his school course, determined to regard the intellectual side of life as negligible. Henceforward he will rely on ignorance and common sense! Supreme instances abound amongst the so-called ruling classes that have failed to rule in this war. In certain prominent persons we find established as a dogma the notion that to manage the affairs of Europe you must be ignorant of Europe and of affairs. *The war has proved them wrong and their failure in the war has revealed them.*

A cynical contempt for and neglect of literature results, we repeat, in the average boy from the prolonged failure to learn Latin and Greek. And this failure has a peculiarly "materialistic" result. It teaches boys to make of one half of their mental existence a fragment, a nullity. There are the books, the Greek and Latin, the Homer and Cicero and Demosthenes thrown aside, sold for secondhand, after school—never to be touched again. In other words, there are the threads left hanging, the *opera interrupta*, the lack of spiritual continuity in life, positively raised into a principle. And yet we are told that the fight for a continued failure to learn Greek is a fight for the spirit! We are told we are "materialists," because we recognise and regret the materialism of our public schools! No, the true materialists are the schoolmasters who dishearten boys early and teach them to despise books and reading by making them begin a course of study that their after lives fail to continue and perfect. Failure to learn Greek must cease, after this war, to go on masquerading as a spiritual endeavour. The argument no longer convinces.

We know indeed that the schoolmasters will not agree. But the boys and their parents will. The boys write from France: "If we had only learnt French—learnt anything—at school!" The parents write in England: "If only our sons had been taught anything—French for instance—at school!"

These two, parent and boy, ought to prevail against the schoolmaster, that materialist. W. M.

THE FASCINATION OF THE FLUFFY GIRL

WILL IT SURVIVE THE REALITIES OF WAR?

By MARGARET HALLAM.

WHAT type of women will be most in demand when the war is over? Who are going to be the lucky favourites when the boys come home?

The tomboy—will she be at a premium among the youthful "old soldiers" of the future? The woman of pots and pans and knitting-needles—will she emerge suddenly into a blaze of unanticipated popularity? Or is it the intellectual girl, the girl of brains, who will find herself hemmed in on all sides by a pressing circle of admiring suitors?

These are questions which many young women have been asking themselves of late. And they have been asking each other. Agatha, for example, asked me—and in the course of the ensuing discussion, which nearly deteriorated into a personal argument, she became more than a trifle heated.

"At any rate," she asserted, "there's one thing the war will do, I'm thankful to say, and that is sweep the fluffy, frivolous girl off the face of the earth. There will be no use for her, so she will *cease to exist*. Men will demand sensible, independent women with no nonsense about them as wives; they will not be attracted by mere frills and furbelows and pink and white complexions. Of course, I suppose there will be a certain demand for the Junoesque type, but for the other—*no*!"

Agatha, I may remark, is one of a numerous type of modern women, flat-chested, angular, with a weather-beaten complexion and hair that looks as though she had twisted it up for her bath and forgotten to rearrange it.

She prides herself on being exceedingly capable, as if it were an astonishing trait for any woman to possess. She works hard at something municipal, declines to recognise the fact that she has a body that needs reasonable care, brings home her meals in paper bags, wears herself out physically and mentally, and then is injured because she often feels out of sorts and nervy. Incidentally, Agatha's attitude toward men is ultra-scornful.

"I am sorry, my dear Agatha," I replied, "that I can't agree with you; but what strikes me very forcibly is the fact that the war is bringing the primitive tastes and virtues of our men very much to the fore, producing a clean-minded, simple, downright race, with a strong love of home and country. The man who has faced and survived the horrors of the war won't want to come home to marry a nice boy-girl or a woman who is a weak imitation of himself, and considers herself his superior in every way.

THE MASCULINE TYPE.

"I confess many men before the war were becoming effete. The masculine type of girl appealed to them—the thorough good sort who was content to be smacked heartily on the back, treated in a hail-fellow-well-met manner, and who did not care much about sentiment. But that type of man is already as dead as the proverbial doornail. "I'm not even sure that a woman of the Mother of the Gracchi type will appeal to our returning heroes, magnificent as she is, for she needs a good deal of living up to. No, what they will want as their wives and the mothers of their children will be *somebody absolutely different from themselves*, something soft and dainty, to love and pet and protect, and that is what the Fluffy Girl is made for."

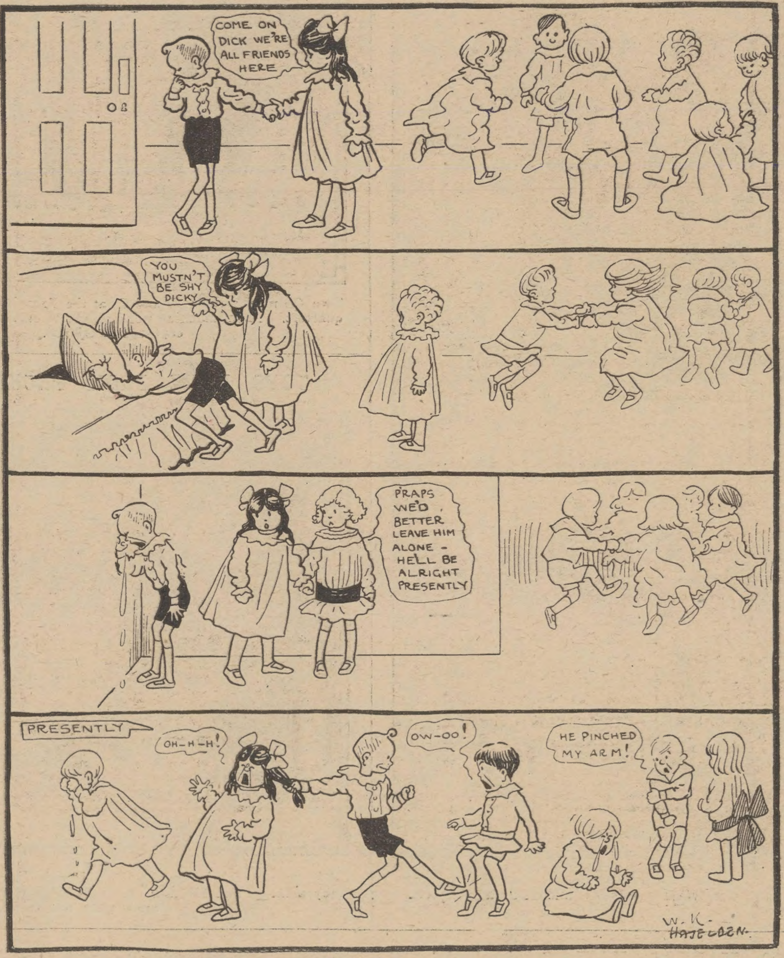
She is apt to be very much misunderstood by her sisters, this type. Because she is so pretty and desirable—invariably dimpled, with long-eyelashes and hair that curls irresistibly—because she is only just as high as a tall man's heart; because of this they set her down as weak and frivolous.

Weak she by no means is, and if she occasionally indulges in a little well-timed frivolity so much the better. Mark you, I say *well-timed*. This grey old world of ours wants a little leaven.

She usually makes an adorable wife and mother, and, while appearing to let her husband rule her in reality twists him round her little finger.

There will be plenty of room for all sorts and conditions of women *after* the war. The only type for which there will be no room will be the vain, the empty-headed, the heartless. But it is the so-called Fluffy woman who will be at a premium.

AT A CHILD'S PARTY: THE SHY GUEST.



There's generally a little boy at children's parties who starts by being terribly shy, cries, wants to go home, and so on. Why is it then that this sort of boy always ends up by being the naughtiest and most boisterous child present, kicking and punishing all the others?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

SCHOOL AND WAR.

WERE WE PREPARED BY TRAINING FOR THE GREAT STRUGGLE?

"EDUCATION."

WITH apologies let me enclose a summary of the effect of our modern education:—

There once was a B.A. named Smith,
Who cried, "Now my books are done with;
I am not quite an ass,
For I managed to pass,
But now good-bye to Greek and 'arith.'!"

—TAB CAN.

THOSE "PLAYING FIELDS."

I AGREE in all respects with Mr. Hamilton's view of the "curious lunatic" who attributed to the Duke of Wellington the words, "Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of England," but, on the other hand, I heartily agree with the author of the words "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." It has certainly been our outdoor sporting taste which has made our English youth what it has proved itself again and again to be; and that is not the degenerate and soft mass of pleasure-seeking humanity that Mr. Hamilton would make it out.

Thus much I am forced to say in defence of myself and my friends and compeers. I beg that you will give this letter publicity if only in defence of our public schools and their staffs and boys against whose character and liberties such an outrageous attack has been made.

A KING'S SCHOLAR.

TRUE TO LIFE.

MR. HASELDEN'S studies of children are very true to life.

To the one illustrating the child's surprise that the process of blowing should extinguish a lighted match and yet kindle a dying fire, I can furnish an analogy from life.

A small boy, seeing his mother putting away her groceries, said: "Why do you put the bikskits (biscuits) into that tin, mummie?"

"To keep them crisp and dry and hard, dear."

"Why do you put that sponge cake into that tin, mummie?"

"To keep it nice and soft and prevent it getting dry and hard, dear."

L. JASPER BROOKE.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 8.—When shrubs are being planted the graceful brooms (cytisus) should not be overlooked.

They will grow in any sunny place, and are especialy useful for setting on dry banks and in hot positions. The common yellow broom is well known, but its variety, Audreana (golden blooms, blotched with purple) should be oftener seen. Albus is the white broom—one of the best of all — while præcox bears rich, primrose-coloured flowers.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

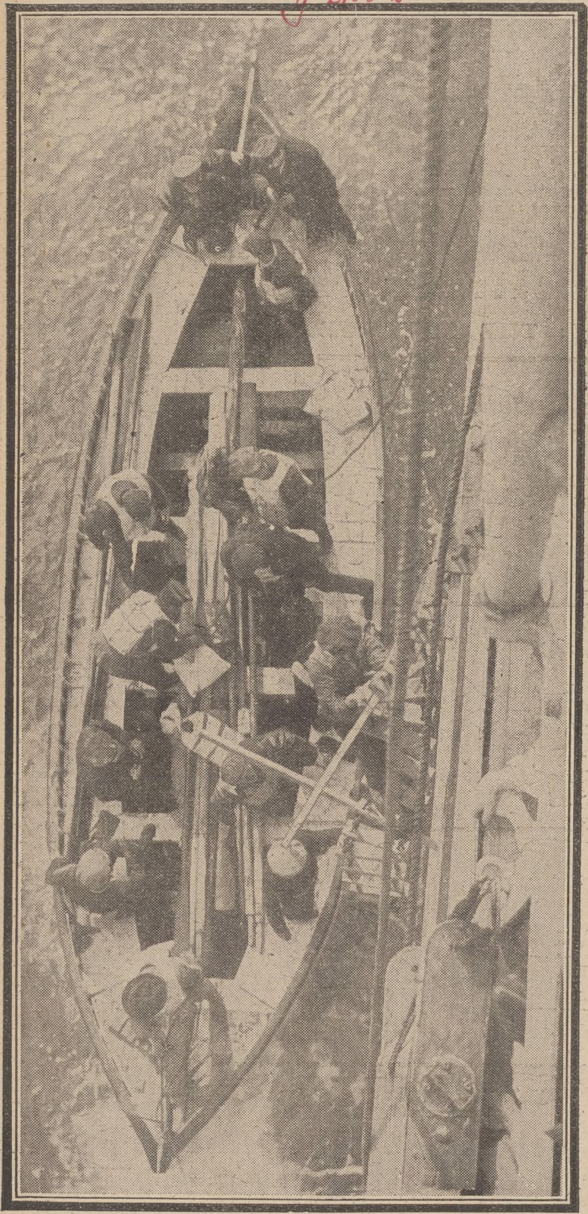
Look not mournfully into the Past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow*.

THE HOURE-GLASSE.

That Houre-glasse, which there ye see
With Water fill'd (Sirs, credit me),
The humour was (as I have read),
But Lover's tears inchristalled,
Which as they drop by drop doe passe
From th' upper to the underglasse,
Do in a trickling manner tell,
(By many a watrie syllable)
That Lovers' tears in life-time shed,
Do restless run when they are dead.

—HERRICK.

RESCUED BY HOSPITAL SHIP.



Members of the crew of H.M. hospital ship Newralia rescuing the crew of the steamer Marere after the latter vessel had been sunk. One man is seen climbing up the ladder.

"FORCED TO DESCEND."

Two German airmen, D and G, at the French General Headquarters. Their machine was brought to earth and they were captured uninjured.

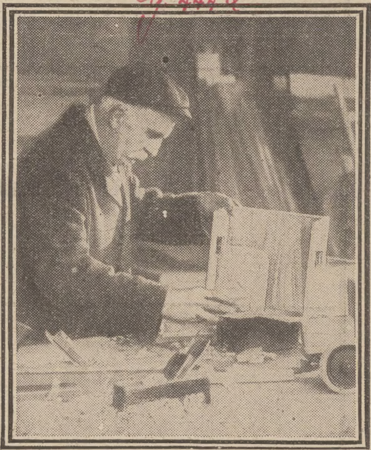
V.C. KILLED.

Corporal Robert Dunsire, the Hill 70 V.C., who, it is reported, has died from wounds.

A BRIDESMAID.

Miss Betty Askwith, daughter of Sir George Askwith, who is to be a bridesmaid to-day.

TOYS MADE FROM PACKING CASES AND FRUIT CASES.



The inmates of the Stepney Poor Law Institution have forsaken the prosaic task of wood chopping for toy making, and are thus doing their bit to take the trade away from the Huns. The toys are chiefly ambulance wagons, motor-lorries and armoured cars.

NO MATTER HOW CHILLY IT IS, THESE SOLDIERS NEVER "FUNK" COLD WATER.

Belgians on the dunes wash the guns and horses in the sea. The men themselves also go into the water even in winter time.

RESS WEDS.

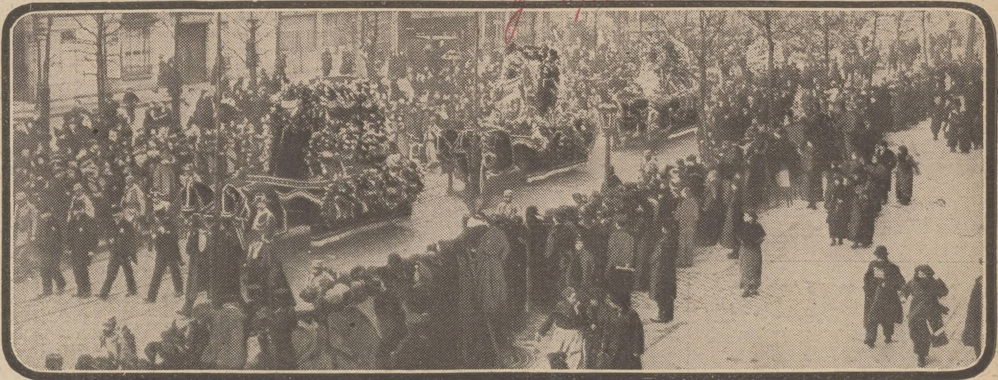
deline Seymour, the beautiful ho has just been married to Captain Kellett, of the South Staffordshire (seen in the circle). Miss Seyo recently appeared in "Betty," is slender and a perfect "Gibson" e of beauty.—(Rita Martin.)

CED TO DESCEND.

man airmen, D and G, at the eneral Headquarters. They were captured uninjured.

FUNERAL OF THE AIR RAID VICTIMS IN PARIS.

The scene before the Mairie during the speeches. M. Malvey, the Home Secretary, delivered a moving and eloquent oration.



The cortege, showing the cars filled with wreaths, which preceded the gun-carriages bearing the bodies.

Twenty-three victims of the last *Zeppelin* raid were interred with solemn ceremony by the City of Paris. One grave was allotted to each family, whose members were buried side by side. Troops and countless mourners and deputations filed past the graves.

UNION OF SCIENCE.

Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., the Irish scientist, who is to marry Dr. Florence Willey.—(Swaine.)

BRAVEST DEED.

Cecil Hetherington, awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal by the Royal Humane Society for the bravest deed of the year. He belongs to Northumberland, and is still in his teens.

THE TRENCH CAT.

Tabby and "Tommy" the best of friends. Tabby lives in a trench on the Western front.—(Wyndham.)

Is Your Baby Delicate?

Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

WHAT a marked difference there is between the fretful, puny, ailing infant, and the child whose face always bears the smile and look of perfect health and contentment. Mothers should early realize that much depends on How Baby is Fed. The right food given at the proper age means rest and comfort for the mother and a sound healthy constitution for her little one in after years. If, for any reason, Baby cannot be given the natural food, do not select a substitute merely because it is cheap in price. Adopt what experience has proved to be the Simplest and Most Successful Method of Infant Feeding, *i.e.*, The 'Allenburys' Foods. These Foods provide a Pure, Complete and Progressive Dietary specially adapted to each stage of a child's development. They are not expensive to buy when judged by the uniform good results which follow their use; this is the true standard of comparison. The 'Allenburys' Foods are used and recommended by members of the Medical and Nursing Professions throughout the world.

The Foods that contain all the essential elements to promote brain and body development.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

Write for a large sized **Free Sample** *of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for* **free book "Infant Feeding and Management,"** *64 pages of valuable information for every mother.*

MILK FOOD No. 1. From Birth to 3 months In tins at 1/6 and 3/- each.

MILK FOOD No. 2. From 3 to 6 months In tins at 1/6 and 3/- each.

MALTED FOOD No. 3. From 6 months upwards. In tins at 6d., 1/- 2/-, 5/-, and 10/- each.

RUSKS (Malted). From 10 months upwards. In tins at 1/6 and 2/9 each.

THE 'ALLENBURYS' FEEDER
Simplest, Safest, and Best.
Price complete in box 1/3 each.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
37, Lombard St., London, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1715.

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CHEAPER than ASPIRIN

BETTER than ASPIRIN

URILLAC Brings Instant Relief

RHEUMATISM is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken. But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric acid must be treated **through the blood.** The uric acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

"Urillac" is the only certain means for immediate relief of pain and permanent cure. It is the discovery of a prominent West-End Physician—now in actual practice—who would gladly associate his name with this wonder-working Remedy did medical etiquette allow him to do so.

URILLAC

Certain Cure for—

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL
and all uric acid ailments and pains.

"Urillac" effects a certain cure where everything else has failed.

It is taken up by the blood by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and completely dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease.

"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parke's Drug Stores, at 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from

THE URILLAC COMPANY, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

FREE SAMPLE Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.

Your Soldier or Sailor Friend

is roughing it in many ways. Make his lot easier in one way by sending him a

WALTON AIR PILLOW

When deflated, folds flat for the pocket. Inflated bears 40 stone weight. Absolutely waterproof. A boon to all soldiers and sailors. Size 14in.x10in. *(Cashmere Covers 6d. extra)* **1/6** *Postage 2d.*
ISAAC WALTON & CO., Ltd.,
167, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE
ELECTRIC LAMPS
Much light at little cost

BRITISH MADE

Warnol HAIR TONIC

STOPS HAIR FALLING

"WARNOL" **re-vitalises** the **Growth of Hair,** making it **abundant** and **luxuriant.** It will **free your scalp and hair from Scurf, banish irritating germs, intensify the colour,** and **correct** either **dryness or a greasy moist nature of the Hair.**

Send for FREE BOTTLE,

so that you may prove that "WARNOL" is the premier Hair Tonic. We will also send you an exquisitely perfumed Shampoo Powder. Send 3d. stamps for part postage to WARNER OLIVER LTD., Room M, 4, Holles St., Cavendish Sq., London, W.

PERSONAL.

ALWAYS thinking of you. Do write. Love.—Min.

O. D.—So sorry; impossible till after 16th. Same ever.

MARIE.—Thanks letter; quite well; fondest love.—Jack.

VERY lonely. You farther away, my beloved?—Juliet.

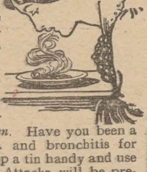
MIZPEH.—Keep heart, beloved, till we meet.—Sunshine.

CHEERIEST dug-out in France. Why? Received Sanitas Anti Vermin Paste last week. Excellent. Send more.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W.

*** The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal column eight words 6s. 8d. and 10d. per word after; **name and address of sender must also be sent.**—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie-st, London.

NO MORE ASTHMA



Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure *is the best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, send for the Free Trial at once.

Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1/-

Sign this Form To-day

Potter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E.
Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

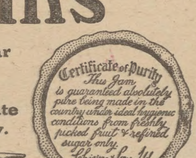
NAME ....

ADDRESS ....
"Daily Mirror."

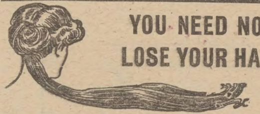
BY APPOINTMENT
MAKERS OF JAMS TO H.M. THE KING.

Chivers' Jams

Every jar bears a Signed Certificate of Purity.



YOU NEED NOT LOSE YOUR HAIR



Your hair combings are valuable—save them. No matter how tangled they are, for 2/6 we will make them into a beautiful glossy tail. Think what this means to you for so little trouble and at so little cost. If you have no combings, but possess some hair that has faded, or become unwearable; send it and allow us to quote a price for restoring as new. We are experts in all hair work **and guarantee satisfaction.** Illustrated price list free.

WOOTTONS, Hair Artists, Dept. A., **IPSWICH.**

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A Trousseau.—24 Nightdresses, knickers, chems., petticoats, etc.; 25s., easy payments.—Wood, 21, Queen-sq, Leeds.

FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; list free; combings purchased.—J. Brodie, 41, Museum-st, London.

Articles for Disposal.

BABY Cars direct from factory, on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5s in the £1; cash or easy payments from 4s. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 74), Coventry.

FURNITURE.—Second-hand, large quantity, must sell, regardless of cost; seen any time.—Depositories, 272, Pentonville-rd, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

WATCHES, Luminous Dials, 30s.; 5s. monthly; privately by post; also Suits, Raincoats, Blankets, Bedding, Curtains, Boots, Rings and Jewellery on monthly payments; patterns and lists free; state requirements.—Masters Ltd., 75, Hope Stores, Rye. Estd. 1869.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANTIQUES, old coloured prints, china, old gold, silver, Chinese paintings on mirror glass, oddments, etc., bought for cash.—Folkards (estd. 1814), 355, Oxford-st, W.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st, London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought.—Prices increased; on vulcanite, up to 7s. per tooth; silver, 12s.; gold, 15s.; immediate cash, or offers.—Call, or post, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Paget, The Leading Firm, 219, Oxford-st, London. Estd. 150 years.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

TALKING Parrots, from 12s. 6d.; 3 months' trial.—Particulars, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW Cure for Deafness.—Full particulars of a certain Cure for Deafness and Noises will be sent post free by D. Clifton, 13, Bread-st Hill, London, E.C.

CORNS Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 8½d. —Needham's, 297, Edgware-rd, London, W.

DIABETES.—Send 6d. stamps for Booklet and samples, —Cheltine Foods Co., Cheltenham.

BOVRIL

GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS

Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden where he had stood with her in the magic dusk of a summer night. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then . . . this man who had only been philandering.

He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace.

Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologised and bidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

* * * * *

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first love-letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! She is filled with rapturous wonder.

As she is reading the letter again the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he has important news, and that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

* * * * *

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible thought is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man. A few more sentences from Dick, and she realises that this is the awful truth—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. On the journey up country to their home Rupert tells her that he knows her secret. He adds that it will be wise for her not to go against his wishes. When they reach home Olive decides that it would be best to tell her husband everything.

THE TEST.

OLIVE HEATHCOTE came out on to the verandah beyond her bedroom and leaned on the rail, looking out over the garden where the dew lay heavily still.

It was early yet, but the sun was already flooding the glassy plains that stretched illimitably beyond the gardens. Soon the heat would be intense, but at present the air was fresh and fragrant with the cool of the dawn. Olive was conscious of a sense of exhilaration she had not known since her marriage. In some strange way this morning filled her with memories of her girlhood, of other mornings in the old Cornish vicarage that had been her mother's home, where she had spent such glorious holidays. . . .

She felt that there was a sense of expectation in the air.

The expectation of laying down the burden of secrecy that had weighed so heavily on her during these days that had crawled past. For more this morning than ever was she determined to keep the resolution that had come to her last night—to tell her husband the whole truth.

She had not seen Richard Heathcote since last night. He had sent her off to her room almost immediately after Rupert had ridden off for the doctor. Later she had imagined that she had heard some bustle of arrival, but she could not be sure. She had fallen asleep almost at once, and had dreamed much and vividly.

But those few moments spent together had confirmed her resolution to tell him the truth. Every word he had spoken, every action of his—so eloquent of his tender care for her—had deepened the feeling that the one chance of happiness and security for her in this new life lay in . . . starting fair.

But she did not for a moment imagine that it would be an easy thing to do. To see the light die out of his eyes . . . to tell him—the truth.

"Olive!"

Her husband's voice calling her name roused her from her thoughts. She raised her eyes and saw him coming towards her through the garden, and was conscious of an odd little thrill at the sight of him. He looked so big and strong—so calm; absolutely in tune with the morning, with its elusive suggestion of England and the things of England.

"Good morning!" she called to him in a gay light voice. "You look very fit—amazingly so, considering I have been wasting all sorts of pity upon you for a poor worn-out burner of the midnight oil!"

"I am very fit. And you look like a rose upon my balcony, darling! Shall I come up there—or will my lady walk?"

"No—come up here. We can talk—and there is so much I want to know. About breakfast, for example. Oughtn't I to be playing the part of the diligent housewife in the kitchen?"

Heathcote laughed as he bent and kissed her.

"No, thank goodness—the truants have returned," he said. "We'll have coffee in a moment or two—out here on your verandah, if you will allow me?"

She looked at him smiling.

"I wonder if I ought to allow you that privilege after that back-handed thrust at my capabilities as a housewife! Well, perhaps under the circumstances I may forgive it. Order it, Dick. I have a most healthy appetite."

She drew out a couple of chairs into the sunshine, and while they watched the servant Dick had summoned set out a table between them with a deftness that surprised her, Heathcote gave an account of the happenings of the night before.

"After all, Rupert was right," he said. "It was, more or less, a false alarm. The men were strangers. Dr. McGinnis rode over with Rupert and they beat up some of the fugitives on the way. The others are dribbling in."

He made a remark to the boy who was bringing in the coffee. Olive could not understand the language, but the broad smile with which it was received was intelligible enough. There was no terrorism here, despite their behaviour of yesterday; nothing but the sheepishness that an English schoolboy might have displayed after some more innocent escapade.

"So, after the storm a calm," Dick said, looking at her when they were alone. "I regret all the worry of last night, and yet it only will throw into relief the new life—our life—that begins from to-day."

He leaned forward and laid his hand on hers as it rested on the table.

"Olive, I wonder if you can even guess at what it means to me to be sitting with you here. Don't put the table between us. Have you realised that breakfast is the one really intimate meal of the day? Did you ever think of that? One does not invite strangers to breakfast—if one is sane, that is to say."

She obeyed the movement that drew her chair round to his own. Such a trifling movement, since the table was not large. But, strangely enough, it served to put a measurable distance between Olive and her resolve.

After all—was it possible, this thing she contemplated?

"You're very serious. I wonder whether I like you best when you smile? You've got such an adorable smile, Olive. And when you laugh the wickedest little imp dances in your eyes. Yet—when you're serious your eyes turn almost black—your beautiful eyes, that are grey and blue like the sea."

"Dick"—she put out a protesting hand—"you are making me nervous. Let me eat my breakfast—your coffee is getting dreadfully cold!"

She laughed and chatted through the meal, but all the time the question beat itself out in her heart:

After all, was it possible—this thing she contemplated?

Why to-day, of all days, had Dick chosen to play the lover? It made the task before her a thousand times more difficult. It would be like striking some dastardly blow at an unarmed man. . .

"Dick"—she gathered her courage with a sort of desperation in her heart—"there is something I have got to tell you—something I ought to have told you long ago."

"Yes?" Dick said after a pause, for she hesitated, searching for the words that refused to come. "What is it, little girl? What's worrying you? Don't be worried when we're so perfectly happy as we are this morning."

"You are happy?" He saw her eyes change and darken. Her face was very white, and the red curve of her lips lay against it like a flower.

"Happy!" He laughed. "Dear, I could not tell you just what the word means for me. It means that because of you the whole face of the world has changed for me. That life has opened out like some wonderful flower. Nothing could ever affect me in the same way again—sorrow or loss or trouble of any kind. Of course, they would affect me—but always through you. And nothing could ever knock me down again except the loss of you."

He paused, almost as though he were ashamed of having showed her so much of his heart.

"But, my dear, what's the use of talking about it? There are things one can't explain. We know. Now—what is it that you have to tell me?"

And now she knew she could never tell him.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," she broke out. "Except that—that I want you to be happy—that I want to keep you happy! Try and remember that, always—always—if any cloud should rise between us . . . that if I am weak, it is because I want to keep you happy."

It was true. More than anything else in the world she desired the happiness of this man. To secure it was worth any sacrifice. She could have given her life for him in that moment . . . She could have given him anything—except the truth—as a free gift. . . .

She looked at him with grey, shining eyes, and their brightness was dimmed for an instant by a mist of tears.

Of course, it wasn't possible to tell him the truth! She must have been mad to contemplate it for a moment. To break his heart and tumble his dead love in the dust . . . that was all that could come of telling the truth. To destroy his faith in the truth and sincerity of all women, because of her falsehood . . .

His hand closed on hers. He drew her towards him. She could feel his lips on her hair, his voice came to her speaking words that thrilled and shamed her with a sense of her unworthiness . . . then, as she leaned against him for a moment feeling strangely near, for all the barrier between them, she heard a step on the verandah, the light clear tones of Rupert Heathcote's voice.

She was conscious that her white face flushed under the glance of his satirical eyes as he wished them good-morning.

RUPERT SPEAKS.

IN the forest during the journey up to Narakota Olive had lain awake o' nights wondering when Rupert Heathcote would speak again of that scene which had taken place between them on the evening of her wedding day.

Since coming to Narakota, however, for a week past the fear and dread of that inevitable reopening of the secret that lay between them had grown less. He had been so entirely natural, so much the good friend, that a certain feeling of gratitude for him was growing up in her heart. She had wronged him in her thoughts. He was making things as easy for her as he could.

Then, all unexpectedly, he spoke.

They were alone in the big living room in the evening after dinner. Dick had been called away on some of the business that absorbed so large a part of his time. The day had been exceptionally hot, and the coming of night had brought little relief. It was stifling, even in this big room whose sliding doors were wide open to the night save for the mosquito net closely stretched on its bamboo frame.

Olive had been conscious of a certain disquietude for some time. Rupert had been so silent. He had sat smoking cigarette after cigarette, and more than once when she had looked up from her work she had found him looking at her in that intent way of his.

"Well, so far you cannot complain that I have not played the game," he said quietly.

"I have nothing whatever to complain of," she said in the same tone. "A great deal to be grateful for—and to admire."

She had not known exactly what to say. She was not prepared for the laugh with which he received her words. That silken little laugh of his could mean so many things.

She tried to work on unconcernedly, but she found herself listening for Dick's step on the verandah. The night was full of noises; there was a restless murmur in the air that reason told her was only the stealthy movement of the wind in the dry grass, but that her imagination always pictured as the movement of the ugly creeping life of the woodland and the swamp.

Upon her companion, also, the ceaseless stirring sound seemed to have a disquieting effect. Rupert stood up suddenly and moved over to the mosquito net that stretched thinly between them and the inky darkness of the night.

For a few seconds he stood there, staring out, then, very quickly, he had moved and was at her side.

"Olive—how long do you think I can stand this life?" he asked. "I can't play the hypocrite as aptly as you can. I've tried, and I've failed. I'm at the end of things. Olive, it isn't possible. It isn't fair to Dick. I want you—I want you. You must make up your mind for the plunge and come away with me—before it's too late——"

His assumption of her complete agreement with his every thought and feeling took her wholly by surprise. Before she realised what his movement meant, he was on his knees by her side, his head on her knee.

"Olive," he cried, "you must put an end to it all——"

She strove to free herself from his arms, but they held to her desperately.

"Are you mad?" she whispered. "If Dick came in what would he think——"

And even while she spoke she was aware that Dick stood in the doorway looking across the room at them.

At her warning whisper Rupert had scrambled to his feet. But was it too late? How long had Dick been standing there?

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

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The rheumatic poison in the blood is the predisposing cause of the disease. If you have the taint in your blood you may have rheumatism whenever the exciting cause stirs it to action. Cold weather and dampness are exciting causes of rheumatism. They excite to action something already in the blood, that you must get rid of if you would be free from rheumatism.

What that something is, nobody knows. Not very long ago it was thought to be uric acid. Many doctors now think it a microscopic organism or a specific bacillus, but they cannot find the bacillus.

It is a known fact that in rheumatism the blood becomes thin rapidly, that building up the blood relieves the rheumatism, and that there will be no return of the rheumatism as long as the condition of the blood is maintained. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended for rheumatism because they keep the blood rich and red and free from rheumatic poisons.

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Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to-day, for you can obtain them of any dealer; and ask for Dr. Williams'.—(Advt.)

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Bishop of St. David's

Bishop at the Front.

When Parliament meets next week a notable Prelate will be absent from the scarlet benches in the House of Lords. This is the Bishop of St. David's, who has gone to the front to act as chaplain to the Welsh Division. Dr. Owen, whom I have been privileged to meet on more than one occasion, is a Celt of the Iberian type, being dark-haired and dark-complexioned, a descendant of that earlier race which peopled the Principality before the fair-haired Celt reached its mountain fastnesses.

His Favourite Brand.

Like several other Bishops, Dr. Owen is an old schoolmaster, and this reminds me of a droll story of his days at Llandovery College. A boy was reported to him for smoking. "And so you have been smoking, eh?" he said in awful tones. "What tobacco were you smoking?" "Shag, sir," whispered the boy. "Shag, indeed," replied the master. "Why don't you smoke So-and-so's mixture?" The lad, in amazement, blurted out: "Very well, sir, I will."

To Amateur Budget-Makers.

Now is the time for you to write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer if you have any suggestions to make as to new taxes.

What a Cat Tax Means.

But do not suggest a tax on cats. Realise, if you can, the trouble it would mean to the officials to trace the ownership of domestic pets which spend so large a part of their lives on the roofs of other people's houses.

Effect of Petrol Tax.

I hear, by the way, that one effect of the heavy petrol tax has been to cause a lot of people to abandon their motor-cars and return to the use of horse-drawn carriages. A friend who has just returned from Brighton tells me that the famous King's-road provides irrefutable evidence to this effect.

Among the Anzacs.

A friend "gave me the tip," so I was able to be present when Mr. Fisher, the Australian High Commissioner, paid a surprise visit to the Anzac Buffet yesterday at the lunch hour. The place was packed with lunching soldiers, but the entry of the official representative of the Commonwealth did not disturb their midday ease. They took it quite as a matter of course.

Simple Fare.

"We are giving you just what the men get," said Mr. O'Connor, the president. "I should decline to accept any other fare," replied Mr. Fisher. And while the official party consumed sandwiches and tea a big, bronzed Anzac stood at the piano. There was a surprise for the visitors when he began to sing, for he possessed that rare voice, a full and rich male contralto. His name is Private Bell, and more will be heard of him.

"The Railway Chairwoman."

Has there ever before been a woman chairman of a railway company? If not, Miss Elaine Jenkins, the late Lord Glantawe's daughter, holds a unique position, for, after serving some time as a director, she has now been elected chairman of the Swansea and Mumbles Railway Company, that queer little railway that runs by the shores of Swansea Bay. Miss Jenkins is spoken of by hard-headed South Wales business men as one of the cleverest women in the country.

Miss Elaine Jenkins.

Hopeful Russians.

I have excellent reasons for stating that things in Russia are much better than even the most hopeful optimists believed possible. At luncheon yesterday with some highly-placed Russians I heard news that could not but hearten me. Make no mistake about it, the Russians are going to move forward—and very soon, too.

Mystery Premier.

Talking about Russia, I find that there is a vast amount of perplexity in London at the change of Premiers there. All that happened is that M. Goremykin resigned on account of his health—nothing remarkable, seeing that he is seventy-six. The new Premier, M. Boris Wladimirovitsch Sturmer, is an extreme Conservative, a strong Nationalist, and has all his life been an ardent anti-German. He will do all he can to help win the war.

The Greek for Denis McCarthy.

I hear there is a certain Chamberlain at the Greek Court called Dionysius Mercadi, but who originally started life as Denis McCarthy.

Lord French at the Play.

Lord French believes that "all work and no play makes 'Tommy' a dull boy," for he is enjoying a little relaxation in London just now, and looked remarkably fit and well after his campaign when I saw him in a box at the Garrick the other evening. He thoroughly enjoyed "Tiger's Cub," the play in which drama and humour are so happily blended and which London is taking to her heart.

A New Picture.

This is the latest picture of Miss Dorothy Bellew, sister of the charming Miss Kyrle of the same name. Like her sister, Miss Dorothy graduated from the "movies" to the theatre, which is reversing the general order of things nowadays. At present she is at the Lyric in "Romance," where she is building up a name for herself among London playgoers.

Miss Dorothy Bellew.

Mlle. Gaby's Hair.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys has had her hair cut short. I think that her habit of shaking her head will look more fascinating than ever now—with the short curls. Perhaps that is why it was cut.

"The Joan Danvers."

What Manchester thought a week or so ago of Captain Stayton's play, "The Joan Danvers," London at the Duke of York's endorsed at its production there. They voted it good. But many people around me seemed surprised to find that the author was a soldier. When he took his call, in khaki, he seemed very nervous, and looked as if he would much rather be with his regiment than with his audience.

Good for the Infant.

A Canadian newspaper calls attention to an advertisement of an infant's nursing bottle that concludes with these interesting suggestions:—"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

The Long Arm.

Mr. Bonar Law, who was born in New Brunswick, was one of the first to cable the Duke of Connaught in respect of the destruction of the Canadian Parliament House. It is strange that one of the two Canadian members missing is Mr. B. Law, the member for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

A New Play Coming.

Mr. George Grossmith and his partner, Mr. Edward Laurillard, tell me they have just secured the rights of that great New York success, "The Misleading Lady." We are to see it at a West End theatre with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in a most original part shortly.

A Medical Genius.

"Tommy" had had his hand badly bruised at gun practice "Will it heal all right, doctor?" he asked the surgeon. "Certainly," was the reply. "And will I be able to play the piano when my hand's well again?" "Tommy" persisted. "Certainly," the doctor said. "Then you're a bloomin' medical genius," "Tommy" guffawed; "I never could play it before."

An Oxford "Loan."

Oxford, of all places, is said to be flirting with the idea of floating a loan to meet its pressing financial demands. Bequests made by generous sons generally stipulate fresh work, so the financial burden is made no lighter. The estimate of the present deficit is something like £12,000, and the figure will be likely doubled before the "years of depression" are over.

How to Raise the Wind.

The problem of raising the wind is the most difficult of all problems just now in the ancient seat of learning. Professors and officials have of their own accord docked their salaries, colleges have been generous, posts have been kept vacant, economies of various kinds practised—but the incubus is getting bigger. So, it is argued, there is nothing for it but a loan. Will it be issued at par and offered to the public and be quotable on the Stock Exchange?

Oh, Those Neutrals.

I have taken the following from the advertisement columns of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna: "Who is a buyer of Scandinavian copper ores? Applications from buyers only (not agents) to be sent to ——, care of Rudolf Mosse, Cologne." No comment needed.

Captain Barry Domvile.

To-day's Wedding.

A niece of Sir Robert Peel, Miss Alexandrina van der Heydt, is to be married to-day at Drayton Manor, Tamworth, to Captain Barry Domvile, of H.M.S. Arethusa, son of Admiral Sir Compton Domvile, and there is much excitement in the neighbourhood, for the wedding is to be quite spring-like and picturesque. The bride is only twenty. Miss Betty Askwith, the little daughter of Sir George Askwith, is to be one of a trio of small bridesmaids, and the guests are bidden to a luncheon afterwards in the Ministers' Gallery at Drayton Manor.

The Ministers' Gallery.

I know that gallery, and it is a most remarkable one. It is named after the great Sir Robert Peel, and his portrait is one among many others of famous Premiers that hang on the walls. There is also a wonderful collection of valuable pictures and some magnificent gold plate of historic interest.

A Varied Career.

A friend tells me how very popular Captain Harry Graham, the soldier author of "Tina," is with his men. Captain Graham is a fellow of infinite jest, and his volume of verses written under the pseudonym of Captain D. Streamer is one of the wittiest of its kind. Capt. Graham has had a varied career: for five years he was on the staff of Lord Minto, and afterwards he was private secretary to Lord Rosebery. He is the second son of Sir Henry Graham, and in the beginning was in the Coldstream Guards.

His Meaning.

"When I say 'Form fours!'" said the sergeant-major, "I really mean it. I do not want half of you to form threes and the rest to form ones."

THE RAMBLER.

THE CINEGOER

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM

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20 Letters will be given of the 29 in Pathe's £1,000 Competition which costs nothing to enter.

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G. 11920 B

A German Aviatik which was brought down in the French lines. The captors are examining the machine with much interest.

SMART CAPTURES.

Two Escaped Germans Promptly Re-arrested in Their London Haunts.

SENTENCES ON TWO OTHERS.

The two German prisoners, Lieutenant von Schweiniken and Private Heinz Pohmer, who escaped from the camp at Dorchester on February 1 have been recaptured, and were sent back yesterday under military escort.

It was known that Pohmer was likely to make for a certain address in the East End, and watch was kept in that vicinity. At dusk Pohmer arrived at the house, and was about to enter when two men quietly sidled up to him.

They told him who they were and asked him to go with them. He made no resistance, and turned at once with his captors to a cab.

Not long after the time at which Pohmer had been seized detectives saw Schweiniken walking along Leicester-square. He was recognised, stopped, and driven away in a cab.

Sentence was promulgated yesterday of the military court held at Philberds, Maidenhead, last week on Lieutenant Otto Thelen, of the German Flying Corps, who was rescued from a sinking aeroplane in the North Sea, and Lieutenant Hans Keilhack, of the German Navy.

Both had previously escaped from Donnington Hall.

On the first indictment relating to tunnelling from the bathroom and making a hole 34ft. under the main building, the evidence of identity not being satisfactory, the Court found them not guilty.

The second indictment concerned a daring attempt to escape from a hut. They pleaded guilty and the sentence of the Court on each is nine months at the Military Detention Barracks, Chelmsford, whither they were conveyed in a motor-car by armed escort.

At a military court held yesterday at Peel, Isle of Man, Paul Rentz, an alien prisoner, and Eric Petrovski were found guilty of attempting to escape while being removed from one camp to another. The sentences will be promulgated.

"SPECIAL" FINED.

At Harlow (Essex) Petty Sessions yesterday James Baynes, a special constable, of Great Parndon, was summoned under the Defence of the Realm Act for interfering with Sergeant-major Hawes, of the Westminster Dragoons, in the discharge of his duty.

It was stated that the sergeant-major spoke to a soldier for not saluting an officer. The defendant, who was standing near, said in the hearing of several soldiers: "That man is as much a man as you are; what do you mean by speaking to him like that?"

The Bench said they regarded the defendant's action as interference, and fined him 10s.

NEWS ITEMS.

Boys Who Earn £2 19s. a Week.

Two colliery boys, aged fifteen, were stated at Bridgend, South Wales, yesterday to be earning 59s. a week.

Foe Rubber Factory Destroyed.

A large portion of the rubber factory of Train and Sons, at Hamburg, says the Central News, has been destroyed by fire.

192 Belles of the Bell-Punch.

It was stated at the London County Council yesterday that 192 women are now being employed as tramway-car conductors.

More "Frightfulness"?

According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, says a Berne Central News message, the Kaiser has commissioned Richard Strauss to write a new national hymn.

1,429,971 War Prisoners.

According to the Berlin evening papers, says the Wireless Press, Germany has 1,429,971 prisoners of war, 9,700 guns, 7,700 munition wagons and 1,300,000 rifles and 3,000 machine guns.

Officers Dismissed.

Second Lieutenant Cyril C. Kernahan, Royal Irish Rifles, and Temporary Second Lieutenant H. B. Thorne, Leicestershire Regiment, have been dismissed the service by sentence of general court-martial, says last night's *Gazette*.

PAT O'KEEFE IN TRAINING.

Corporal Pat O'Keefe is training very hard for the twenty rounds contest with his old middle-weight opponent, Sergeant Jim Sullivan, at Golder's Green Hippodrome on February 21.

O'Keefe yesterday morning had a thirteen miles' run on the roads around Upper Warlingham, where he is quartered, with Sergeant Barry and Private Dai Roberts, and in the afternoon had the gloves on with both of them. Roberts's quickness makes him an ideal sparring partner, and Barry, a man of enormous strength, put a lot of wrestling work into his two rounds with the middle-weight champion.

Afterwards O'Keefe went through Swedish exercises, ball punching and dumbbell work, and in it all he impressed one with his strength and fitness.

He is now a little over 12st. and expects to get down a few pounds before the contest comes along. He is not worrying about his weight, however, so long as he gets thoroughly fit, as they signed articles to box at catch weights.

Barry himself looks as hard and muscular as when he sculled Dick Arnst and beat him for the world's championship. He said he had his second turn in a boat on Sunday for eighteen months. He is quite enthusiastic about O'Keefe, who will be, he says, quite as good as ever.

There is no doubt that the meeting of these famous middle-weights will be almost as big an attraction on February 21 as the championship battle between Sergeant-Instructor Wells and Provost-Sergeant Dick Smith, and those who want to see the two bouts had better hurry up, for the tickets are nearly all sold.

Yesterday's scores in the billiards tournament were: Newman, 2,910; Reece, 1,605.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. **A New Musical Play.** **TINA.**
To-day, 2 and 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.
GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY.
Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels., 2645, 8886 Ger.

AMBASSADORS. **"MORE," by Harry Grattan.**
Evgs., 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

APOLLO.—OSCAR ASCHE and LILY BRAYTON in
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
Matinee Daily, at 2.30. Evenings, Thurs. and Sats., 8.15.

COMEDY.—Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh (230th time to-night).
EVENINGS, 8.30. MATINEES, Mons., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
SHELL OUT! (2nd Edition). New Artists, Scenes, Songs, Dresses and Laughs. FRED EMNEY. Smoking permitted.

CRITERION. **A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF.**
To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

DALY'S.—The George Edwardes Production. **BETTY.**
TO-DAY, 2 and 8. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowne, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calthrop and G. P. HUNTLEY.

DRURY LANE. **PUSS IN BOOTS.**
Evenings, 7.30., Mats., Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 1.30.
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* * *

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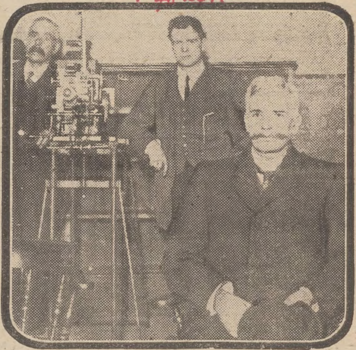
Inspecting Anzacs with General Sir Newton J. Moore, K.C.M.G., commanding the overseas troops in England.



Watching film taken at Gallipoli.

Taking tea with wounded Anzacs.

Mr. Andrew Fisher, who has succeeded Sir George Reid, M.P., as High Commissioner for Australia in London, has seen something new for himself every day since his arrival among us. Yesterday, accompanied by his wife, he visited the Anzac buffet and the Australian military offices, where he saw the film taken at the Dardanelles, while on Monday he carried out an inspection. But these engagements do not prevent him from transacting an amount of business which would appal many other men.

EXAMPLES OF THE NEW FASHIONS.

Gown of cotton corduroy and georgette crape. The roll collar and long sleeves are striped.—(J. M. Giddings.)

A rich but simple negligée of rose velvet-brocaded chiffon. The Japanese sleeves add to its smartness.—(Bonwit Teller.)

MISSING MEN.

Able Seaman (late Bugler) W. L. Watts, who has been missing at the Dardanelles since last July.

Private C. Carter (East Kent Regiment), reported as wounded and missing from France.

BRINGING "HOME" THE WASHING.

A French girl delivering the clean clothes to a British soldier. Two others are counting and checking the articles.—(Wyndham.)

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